**Water Cycle**

Isaac Rankin

Across summer

neighborhood boys

ride bikes

fearless to

opening heavens

Jumper droplets

darken pavement

with their

flailing smacks

Skinny legs

pumping pedals:

this pubescent

waterspout circling

the cul-de-sac

track Machine

gun tires

spew wet

bullets A

skid a

swerve: the

unmistakable crunch

of a

boy and

a bike

against merciless

blacktop Water

pours down

his cheeks

as he

gulps down

the rising

yelps and

rolls over

to discover

a dripping

raspberry plucked

from asphalt

earth One

night soon

his boyhood

will evaporate

silently in

sleep like

steam rising

from an

empty sunlit

street